

# THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBSON & WALLACE.

OREGON. : : : MO.

## POST-NATAL-DOE.

We used to walk together in the twilight.  
He whispered tender words so sweet and low,  
As down the green lanes where the dew was  
falling,  
And through the woodlands where the birds  
were calling.  
We wandered in those hours so long ago,  
But now no more we walk in purple gloaming  
Down the lanes, my love and I. Ah me!  
The time is past for such romantic roaming—  
He holds the baby while I'm getting tea.  
We used to sit—with lamp turned low—to  
gether  
And talk of love and its divine effects,  
When nights were long, and wintry frowns  
the weather;  
Far colder he than knight and brightly feather,  
And I, to him, the loveliest of my sex.  
Now, oft when wintry winds howl round the  
gables,  
Immersed in smoke, he pores o'er "gold" and  
stocks,  
The fact ignored that just across the table  
The loveliest of her sex sits darning socks.  
Off, when arrayed to suit her hero's fancy,  
I tripped to meet him at his welcome call,  
I looked unutterable things—his dark eye  
glowing  
In fond approval at my outward showing.  
His taste in hats, dresses, jewelry—all  
Now, if perchance we leave the house together,  
When friends invite or prima-donna sings,  
He scans my robes (bought new for the occasion)  
And finds the bills—and looks unutterable  
things.  
Of by-gone days, when seventeen and single,  
He called me angel as he pressed my hand!  
Of present time, wherein a trifle yellow—  
Calls out, "Matilda, do you understand?"  
Ah! yes, I understand one thing for certain,  
Love after marriage is a heinous myth,  
At which, who once have passed behind the curtain,  
Turn up their noses—disenchanted with—

## THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE.

Harper's Young People.  
My little daughter climbed up on my knee,  
And said, with an air of great mystery,  
"I've a secret to tell you, papa,  
But I must whisper it close in your ear,  
For you speak of it, papa dear,  
And there's nobody knows but mamma."  
"I am very rich! Very rich indeed!  
I have more money than I shall need!  
I counted my money to-day—  
Twenty new pennies—all of them mine—  
And one little silver piece called a dime  
That I got from my Grandpapa Gray."  
"I have fourteen nickels and one three-cent,  
Five silver quarters, though one of them's bent;  
And, papa dear, something still better,  
Three big white dollars! not one of them old,  
And, whisper, one beautiful piece of gold  
That came in my Uncle Tom's letter."  
Then she clasped her small hands, laughed  
merry and  
Put her soft lips down close to my ear,  
"Oh, so lovely the girl curly head!"  
"Am I not very rich? Now answer me true,  
Am I not richer, far richer, than you?"  
Whisper, papa, she artlessly said.  
I looked at her face, so young and so fair,  
I thought of her life untouched by care,  
And I said, with a happy sigh,  
As my lips touched softly her waiting ear,  
"You're exceedingly rich, my daughter dear!  
Ten thousand times richer than I!"

## FROZEN TO DEATH.

"Will you be my wife, Bessie?"  
It was Henry Belton, a good-looking  
Nantucket man, who put this important  
question one night to the captain's niece,  
aboard the whale-ship Wanderer, then in  
the Arctic Ocean.  
Bessie Baker, who was a pretty young  
woman, turned toward the speaker, her  
rosy face and black eyes lighted by the  
lantern in the rigging, and answered  
with the frank spirit of a true Nantucket  
lass:  
"I will bonyour wife, Harry, but you  
may as well ask uncle if he is willing."  
"Of course you can have her," said  
the good-natured skipper, when the  
first officer entered the cabin and told  
his errand; "and if you like, you can  
be married aboard ship!"  
"I would like that, sir, if Bessie  
would!"  
"But how will Darks feel?" said the  
captain, alluding to his second officer,  
who had also wanted Bessie, but whom  
she had refused. "He has a savage  
temper."  
"I care nothing for his temper," said  
Belton. "He would not dare to inter-  
fere."  
Soon after he went on deck and spoke  
to Bessie about being married aboard the  
ship.  
She consented, and it was agreed that  
the wedding should take place a fortnight  
thereafter. Mr. Gray, a mission-  
ary, who had taken passage at the  
Sandwich Islands aboard the Wanderer,  
for the benefit of his health, could per-  
form the ceremony.  
On an afternoon about two days  
before the one fixed for the wedding,  
the man at the masthead gave notice  
that he saw, far eastern through an  
opening amongst a field of floating ice-  
bergs, something which looked like a  
wreck.  
"Take a boat, Mr. Darks," he said  
to his second mate, "and find out what  
craft she is. Look about you and see  
if any one of her crew are in sight."  
"Ay, ay, sir," answered Darks.  
"I hope it is not my brother's craft—  
the Mt. Vernon," remarked Belton.  
"The last time I heard from him, he  
said he was going to cruise up here. I  
should like to go too, sir."  
"You may go," said the skipper.  
Throwing over his shoulders a com-  
fortable cloak he usually wore when on  
duty, and which was neatly trimmed  
with black and white fur, Belton sprang  
into the boat which was now down, with  
the second mate in the stern sheets.  
Darks wore no cloak, but in other re-  
spects his attire was like that of the first  
officer, to whom in fact, in size and  
complexion, he bore some resemblance,  
although the bearing and manner of the  
two were essentially different.  
Night had fallen by the time the boat  
reached the wreck, and in the fast  
gathering gloom Belton who had brought  
no lantern, had some trouble  
to discover the name of the craft.  
"It is not the Mt. Vernon," he cried,  
finally making out "Laura," in gilt let-  
ters on the bow.  
He sprang aboard, followed by Dar-  
ks.  
"Pull back to the ship," said the lat-  
ter, soon after, to the crew, "and get  
instructions. I see a light just beyond  
that headland," he added, pointing to  
an elevation looking up about half a  
mile from the wreck. "Ask the captain  
if he will not send two or three boats  
that we may take off the crew of this

craft, who are doubtless ashore there,  
with their effects."  
He gave the orders while Belton down  
the forecastle, looking about him,  
could not hear what he said.  
The boat disappeared in the gather-  
ing shadows, and when Belton came up  
he was surprised to find it gone.  
Darks explained why he had sent it  
away. There was a fierce frown on his  
brow when he spoke, and the first mate  
could see his eyes flashing like those of  
a wild beast through the partial gloom.  
All at once he threw himself upon his  
companion, striking at him with a hand-  
spike he had picked up.  
"Rascal, you shall never marry her!"  
he cried. "I will kill you first!"  
"Hold there, Darks!—are you out of  
your senses? What is the use of being  
angry about it?" cried Belton.  
Dodging the hand-spike, at the same  
time he dealt the second officer a blow  
between the eyes with his clenched  
fist.  
Darks sprang quickly back, and ere  
his opponent could avoid it brought the  
implement he held down upon his head.  
Half stunned, Belton staggered towards  
the broken ice bulwarks. With a cry  
of savage exultation, his rival followed  
him up, and seizing him by the throat  
with one hand, hurled him overboard.  
Belton fell on an iceberg drifting  
past the wreck. The next moment  
he was out of Darks's sight in the  
gloom.  
"There, I hope I am rid of him for-  
ever," he muttered. "I will probably  
be suspected, but nothing can be proved  
against me. I will say that Belton  
slipped and fell overboard accidentally!"  
The captain was surprised to see the  
boat's crew come back without their offi-  
cers.  
When informed why Darks had sent  
them, the skipper shrugged his shoulders.  
He had his own thoughts about it, but  
he did not express them, lest he should  
alarm Bessie.  
At once veered ship, and headed in  
the direction of the wreck, but,  
before he could find it, an unexpected  
gale came howling and roaring upon them.  
Bessie was now alarmed. Pale with  
anxiety on her lover's account, she  
grasped her uncle's arm, saying she  
feared he would now be lost; it is  
wreck would certainly go to pieces in  
such a blow!  
The captain endeavored to cheer her,  
telling her that there was a bare chance  
that Belton and Darks might save  
themselves by getting on the ice.  
"They will freeze to death there,"  
gasped the unhappy girl.  
To this her uncle made no reply.  
The dismal cracking of the ship's  
timbers, and the weird shriek of the  
gale in the shrouds, was the only re-  
sponse to the remark. As there would  
be danger of the vessel's going ashore,  
if he kept on his present course, the  
skipper was now obliged to be di-  
rected.  
The night and the next day passed,  
and the one which was to have seen  
Bessie a happy bride dawned upon the  
sea.  
No sign of the wreck—no sign of  
either of the two young officers!  
The girl went down into her cabin  
and gave way to her grief.  
The gale still roared, and the ocean  
was white with foam and flying spray.  
Occasionally an iceberg was observed  
in the distance, and the captain scruti-  
nized with a glass, but he saw no one  
upon it.  
Hours passed; the gale abated, en-  
abling him to alter his course toward  
the land.  
Now a number of bergs were seen,  
far ahead.  
All at once she saw him start.  
"You see something?" she gasped.  
"Yes, a human form on one of those  
bergs!"  
At the vessel drew near to it, the  
agitated girl took the glass from her  
uncle's hand. He steadied it for her  
in the right direction.  
"It is he!" she shrieked; "but oh,  
uncle, is he alive? Remember it is two  
days since he left us!"  
The captain made no reply, but his  
hand trembled as he again took the  
glass.  
Bessie knew that he shared her fears.  
"It is really Belton," he said, as if  
he had hoped he had been mistaken.  
"Oh, yes, uncle, I recognize his  
cloak—the one lined with white and  
black fur!"  
Nearer drew the ship to the berg.  
"He does not move!" whispered the  
third mate to the skipper.  
"Bessie, I think you had better go  
below," said her uncle, in a faltering  
voice.  
She made no answer; she stood as if  
transfixed, her gaze riveted on the fig-  
ure on the berg.  
The vessel was soon near enough for  
the form to be plainly seen with the  
naked eye.  
Seated in a niche near the summit of  
the berg, that form did not move a  
muscle!  
Straight and rigid it sat, propped  
against the crystal wall behind it, only  
the mustache, the ears, and the upper  
part of the head visible above the high  
collar, which was drawn well up over  
the face. The hair projected outward,  
stiffened with ice, the coat was glazed  
with frosty particles as if sheathed in a  
thin, scaly armor.  
"I will go, too!" cried Bessie, when  
the captain backed the main yard and  
lowered the boat.  
He objected, but she insisted on going,  
and he allowed her to have her way,  
thinking that after all it were best she  
should learn the worst as soon as pos-  
sible, for the suspense she would suffer,  
if left aboard, would be terrible to bear.  
The boat approached the berg.  
"Belton!" called the captain, when  
within speaking distance. There was  
no reply.  
"Harry, oh, Harry, speak to me!"  
shrieked Bessie.  
Still no response—still no movement  
of the form.  
"God help you, niece, it is as I  
thought!" cried the captain. "He is  
dead!"  
"Ay, ay, frozen to death!" murmured  
one of the crew.  
The girl uttered a despairing moan,  
and bowed her face on her hands. Sobs  
of anguish escaped her—she shook like  
a leaf.  
Not a man was there in the boat  
whose eyes did not moisten.  
Behind them the ship's bell sounded  
four strokes.  
Dismal fell its clang upon the ears of  
all.  
It was the hour when Bessie and Bel-  
ton were to have been married! Now  
it was a knell of death!  
At length the boat grated along side  
of the berg.  
The captain, with his men, clambered  
to the side of the motionless form.  
Bessie stood below, her despairing  
gaze turned upward it.  
Slowly and sadly her uncle pulled the

stiffened, cracking collar away from the  
face.  
Then there could be no doubt that the  
unfortunate man was dead!  
The glazed eyes, the white and rigid  
features, and the flesh as hard as a  
stone, told the fearful story.  
He was frozen to death.  
For a moment the spectators gazed  
upon the ghastly visage; then a wild,  
simultaneous cry broke from them, for  
the face, now so plainly revealed, was  
not Belton's, but that of the second of-  
ficer, Darks!  
So intent had all been upon this sad  
errand, they had not noticed a boat  
approaching from shore.  
Bessie was the first to notice it, and  
among the crew in it she recognized her  
lover, Henry Belton!  
A moment later he was out upon the  
ice and the girl was clasped to his  
breast.  
As the captain and his men gathered  
round him to shake hands, he explained  
how he had been attacked and hurled  
from the wreck by Darks.  
When he fell, his cloak caught on a  
spike on the schooner's side, and thus  
left behind him, it must afterwards have  
been found by Darks, and have been  
used by him in vain to keep himself  
from freezing to death.  
The berg on which Belton had fallen  
drifted to land before the gale came up,  
and the young man, shivering and in a  
pitiable plight, made his way towards a  
light he saw, and which proved to be  
that of a fire, round which were gathered  
the castaway crew of the wrecked  
schooner.  
If he received him kindly, and he re-  
mained with them until his ship was in  
sight, when, as shown, he came off with  
them in the boat.  
As to Darks, Belton and the casta-  
ways, thinking he might possibly have  
reached the shore on the ice, after the  
wreck broke up, had looked for him,  
but he had seen nothing of him until to-  
day, when the ship was sighted.  
It was evident that the wrecked  
schooner was going to pieces, the unfor-  
tunate man succeeded in getting on the ice-  
berg, which the gale must have carried  
past the headland out to sea. Subse-  
quently it had drifted with the current to  
its present locality, and thus it met the  
crew of the watchful captain, too late  
for his occupant to be saved.  
The body was buried from the vessel  
that same afternoon.  
A week later Bessie and Belton were  
married, and the crew of the wrecked  
schooner added to the other witnesses  
of the ceremony.  
Although an ocean bridal, it proved  
to be a very pleasant wedding, and  
there were many cheers for the happy  
young couple.

## A Love Story from the Thousand Islands.

Philadelphia Times.

A romance story comes from Clayton,  
one of the many resorts on the St. Law-  
rence. Almost every day this summer  
a young woman, the daughter of a  
wealthy merchant of Ottawa, has been  
sailing along the American shore, troll-  
ing for large fish. One afternoon last  
week an American named Rice was  
rowing in his paper shell near Governor  
Alford's island. About half a mile from  
the shore on looking around, he saw  
the young woman, who was struggling  
with her oars, and the trolling-line at-  
tached to her right arm drawn taut.  
She evidently had caught a large mas-  
kelonge or sturgeon, and was endeavor-  
ing to pull around with her larboard oar  
so as to follow the fish gradually. In  
her excitement she leaned too far to the  
starboard side, and, lo and behold, into  
the water. Rice, with a few pulls at his  
skulls, quickly reached the unfortunate  
young woman and caught her by the arm.  
The combined weight of the two upset  
his shallow shell, and in a twinkling  
both were struggling in the water.  
The trolling-line was still attached to  
the young lady's ankle, and she clung  
to her boat, and the fish seemed to be  
pulling Rice, his fair captive, and the  
boat down the stream rapidly. Rice, after  
considerable work, succeeded in get-  
ting into the fair Canadian's boat, and  
then pulled her in after him. She ap-  
peared but little frightened, and said  
she had had similar experiences before,  
but on these occasions she had been  
obliged to rescue herself. During this  
explanation Rice noticed that the troll-  
ing-line was still taut, and the young  
woman had not relinquished her hold  
upon it. Convinced that something  
large was at the end of the line, he  
as rapidly as possible, and he pulled it  
joyed at seeing a mammoth maskelonge  
rise to the surface. It was quickly se-  
cured, and the young Canadian, forget-  
ting her wet clothes and mishap, seem-  
ed to be delighted. She insisted that  
her rescuer should take a small piece  
of the white metal mentioned by the  
wise man of the tribe.  
A Stage-Driver's Life.  
New York Tribune.  
"I've sat on this stage six years, and  
never missed a day through my own  
fault," said a driver on the Fifth-avenue  
line to a passenger who had climbed up  
the inside of him. Yes, I've kept my stage  
longer than any other driver on these  
lines, I suppose. I never heard of one  
that I should ever see this kind of work  
though. Get up there!" and he gave  
the reins a vicious jerk, as though some  
unpleasant thought had suddenly come to  
him.  
"Eight years ago I was worth  
\$12,000," he said suddenly. "I kept a  
butcher's shop over in Jersey City.  
Business was good and I was prosper-  
ous. Then I wasn't content to let well  
enough alone, and I went and took in  
a partner. He didn't know anything  
about business, and incurred debts. It's  
a long story, but I was left without a  
dollar. Those were dark days then,  
and you know how it is when a man  
is going down hill—his friends are  
anxious to give him a kick. None of  
my old friends would help me, but  
there was one that never failed me, sir.  
He was a Jew, and he was my wife's  
brother. He was a shrewd fellow, and  
a discouraging or reproaching word  
when things were going the worst.  
What that woman was to me no one  
but I knows."  
"Lord, how the glare of the sun brings  
the water into one's eyes! It's few men  
that can stand such a glare. And how  
it always speaks of mine. Well, I could  
find anything to do, so I came over  
to the boss of this line and asked him  
for a job. 'Are you used to driving?'  
he said. 'Mister, I've lived with horses  
from my youth up, and I've driven a  
better pair of my own than any you've  
got in your stable,' says I. He grinned  
as though he liked my looks, and said,  
'Come round to-morrow morning, and  
we'll have a place for you.' So I did,  
and for six years since I've been on the  
box nearly every day except Sundays.  
It's long hours and exposure to a  
great deal of rough weather, of course.  
But they're worth it. I've seen the  
route and they change horses for me,  
without my having to get off the box.  
I was rather ashamed at first, and  
I don't like the work now; because

## INDIAN LEGENDS.

The Story of the Sun, the Moon, the Stars  
and the Comet.  
Virginia City Enterprise.  
About the time the new comet was at  
its brightest, we took the occasion of a  
call from Captain Sam, of the Puget  
tribe, to ask him about the notions held  
by his people in regard to such celestial  
visitors. Sam said he would presently  
bring to us an old man of his tribe who  
held the whole dome of heaven by heart.  
In some trepidation after so much cere-  
mony and preparation we finally ven-  
tured to ask the venerable servant if he  
knew anything about the comet recent-  
ly seen flaming in the northern sky. He  
did—he knew all about it. "It was,"  
he said, "a wounded star." Said he,  
"It is badly hurt, but it will get away."  
Without further ceremony or preamble  
he proceeded to give us the whole cen-  
tral story of the celestial realms in a nut-  
shell, so to say, and we sat listening.  
"The sun rules the heavens. He is  
the big chief; the moon is his wife,  
and the stars are his children. The sun  
he eat children whenever he can them  
catch. They are all the time afraid  
when he is passing through in the above.  
Then he, their father, the sun, gets up  
in the morning, you see all the stars,  
his children, fly out of sight—go away  
into the blue—and they do not take to  
be seen again till he, their father, is  
about for going to bed. Down deep  
under ground—deep, deep—is a great  
hole. Here he go into this hole, the  
sun, and he crawl and he creep till he  
comes to the little moon. This is so little,  
all night. This is so little, and he, the  
sun, is so big, that he cannot turn  
around in it, so he must, when he has  
had all his sleep, pass on then through,  
and we see him next morning come out  
in the east. When he comes out he  
begins to hunt up through the sky to  
catch and eat any that he can of the  
stars, his children. He, the sun, is not  
all seen. The shape of him is like a  
snake or a lizard. It is not his head  
that we can see, but his belly, stuffed  
with the stars he has times and times  
devoured. His wife, the moon, she  
goes into the same hole as her husband  
to sleep her naps. She has always the  
fear of him, the sun, that have her  
for her wife, and when he comes in  
to the hole to sleep, she is afraid to  
there if he be cross. She, the moon,  
have great love for her children, the  
stars, and is happy to be traveling up  
where they are. And they, her chil-  
dren, feel safe and smile as she passes  
along. But she, their mother, cannot  
tell that one must go every month.  
It is ordered by the Great Spirit, that  
lives above the place of all. Every  
month he do swallow one of his chil-  
dren. Then the moon feel sorry. She  
must to mourn. Her face she do paint  
it black, for a child is gone. But the  
dark you will see wear away from her  
face—little, little every day, and the  
bright of the moon again all the face  
of her. Almost every day this summer  
a young woman, the daughter of a  
wealthy merchant of Ottawa, has been  
sailing along the American shore, troll-  
ing for large fish. One afternoon last  
week an American named Rice was  
rowing in his paper shell near Governor  
Alford's island. About half a mile from  
the shore on looking around, he saw  
the young woman, who was struggling  
with her oars, and the trolling-line at-  
tached to her right arm drawn taut.  
She evidently had caught a large mas-  
kelonge or sturgeon, and was endeavor-  
ing to pull around with her larboard oar  
so as to follow the fish gradually. In  
her excitement she leaned too far to the  
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considerable work, succeeded in get-  
ting into the fair Canadian's boat, and  
then pulled her in after him. She ap-  
peared but little frightened, and said  
she had had similar experiences before,  
but on these occasions she had been  
obliged to rescue herself. During this  
explanation Rice noticed that the troll-  
ing-line was still taut, and the young  
woman had not relinquished her hold  
upon it. Convinced that something  
large was at the end of the line, he  
as rapidly as possible, and he pulled it  
joyed at seeing a mammoth maskelonge  
rise to the surface. It was quickly se-  
cured, and the young Canadian, forget-  
ting her wet clothes and mishap, seem-  
ed to be delighted. She insisted that  
her rescuer should take a small piece  
of the white metal mentioned by the  
wise man of the tribe.

you see I've had a good fair education,  
and it is not doing me any good. But  
there's a chance to see a good deal of  
human nature up here, and I tell you  
human nature is a pretty mean thing.  
There are people, and women, too,  
sometimes, as well as men, that will  
swear up and down they've paid their  
fare when I know they haven't. If there  
are others in the stage they very often  
get ashamed of their bluff and back  
down by saying they'll pay their fare  
people who jerk the strap so as to  
almost break my leg because the stage  
don't stop at once. And there are some  
who think the way to show their su-  
periority is to abuse anybody who hap-  
pens to hold an inferior position.  
"But then there's another side to it.  
I have a good many regular customers.  
There are men up along the avenue  
whom I pick up about the same time  
every morning, and often bring back  
at night. Many ride up here with me,  
and I get to know them and learn where  
to expect them. And they're very kind.  
Last Christmas one asked me to wait a  
minute when he left the stage at his  
house, and he brought out a fur cap  
and a pair of mittens for me. And I  
met another old sleighing in a snow-  
storm last winter. He bowed to me—  
and pretty soon drove up beside me and  
sang out: 'Here's something to keep  
your nose warm.' It was a bunch of  
stars, and he was tied on the end of  
his whip. Another one who rides with  
me often left a V in my hand one New  
Year's when he got down. These things  
make a man feel good, you know, when  
they are done in that way. 'Hi, there!'  
as he guided the stage by a close shave  
between a dray and an express wagon.  
"Yes, it takes good driving to get  
safely up and down Broadway. But  
I never did nor need any damage  
yet. This your street? Whoa, there!  
Good day, sir." And the horses sud-  
denly started again, shaking off the  
small bootblack who "had a soft thing"  
on the steps behind.

## Widows.

St. Louis Republican Letter.  
All widows are young, or rather they  
are called so until it would seem that  
the loss of a husband is the secret of  
youthfulness. The want of one, on the  
other hand, may be held as bond  
and security for premature age—for cer-  
tain it is that a woman is held "passed"  
as a spinster at 25, who, as widow,  
would be blooming at 50.  
I was once present when a widow was  
presented to three gentlemen, all  
younger than herself and very attrac-  
tive. She was dressed, poor, barely  
dressed, mother of nine children, the  
owner only of the mortgagee's home-  
stead on which they lived. But she  
was a widow; there was no denying  
that. As she sank upon the sofa she  
dropped (it seemed to be accidentally)  
a white-bordered paper parcel, out of which  
rolled a spoon or two, a darning egg,  
a pair of scissors, and some fancy work.  
The men all dived to secure them.  
Each man got something and restored  
the same to the owner, whereupon she  
thanked them with an overpowering  
drawl; enlarged upon the misery of be-  
ing without a pocket, showed them the  
place where the pocket ought to be, and  
continued to talk about the pocket she  
didn't have and the lack of out of dif-  
ferent sorts of pockets for ten or fifteen  
minutes, when she was called for by a  
friend in a carriage. I do not remem-  
ber that any other topic was introduced  
or that anything occurred which was  
calculated to divert the attention of her  
listeners from the absorbing topic,  
but this I do know—that when she left  
the room there was not a man in it but  
what would have died for her. One and  
all, they were madly in love, and, for  
aught I know, may be so to the present  
day. I have told this story in the hope  
that some forlorn, shipwrecked sister  
might be benefited by it, and I have  
tried to be many that they have tried it  
faithfully. They have gone without  
pockets, and said so, and dropped their  
bundles at opportune moments. Indeed,  
there is one poor girl who says she has  
almost thrown away everything she had,  
but without accomplishing any such re-  
sults. As for her, she was not a widow.  
"Leaves her time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's  
breath!"  
But ye—ye have all seasons for thine own,  
O Widow!

## Race and Religion in War.

San Francisco Bulletin.  
At one of the sessions of the School  
of Philosophy at Concord, Kant was  
quoted and commented upon at length  
as holding that a people speaking the  
same language and maintaining the  
same religion could not be perman-  
ently separated into distinct and hostile  
nations. That principle applied to the  
two wars between England and the  
United States would seem to admit  
least of some striking exceptions. The  
contestants were of the same race and  
religion, and essentially of the same  
language. The result of the war, how-  
ever, was a permanent separation. A peo-  
ple of the same language and religion  
could not be permanently separated. Is  
that the bond which unites so many  
colonies to England? Occasionally some  
of them threaten to go off and set up as  
independent sovereign States. And  
when told to go ahead and accomplish  
this result they hesitate about the sepa-  
ration. Are the English-speaking  
people ever to quarrel again? If there  
is enough in the unity of language and  
religion to keep them together they can  
rule the world, and the English-  
speaking people have the blood of na-  
tially all white races in their veins. The  
Germans, the Celts and the Normandy  
conquerors have supplied new strains of  
blood into the Englishman's blood, but  
a sort of national electricity. The  
foreign infusion in the United States  
is bringing about the same results. Race  
is not a distinctive test, but language is.  
English-speaking people are making a  
commercial conquest of the world, and  
whether living under the constitutional  
monarchy or a republican constitution  
they stand as a guarantee of domination  
and reasonable peace; and let us hope  
of everlasting peace.

## Climate for Consumptives.

Health's Journal of Health.  
Some fifteen years ago we published  
an article on the subject of localities of  
consumption. The general idea was  
that we concluded was this, that warm  
climates hasten consumption; that an  
inseparable attendant of consumption,  
under all circumstances, was debility.  
The healthiest of us feel the debilitat-  
ing effects of summer heats. And how  
an invalid is to be strengthened by what  
debilitates a healthy man, we cannot  
understand. Consumptive people do  
not need the warm, damp, vapor-laden  
atmosphere of Cuba and Florida, but  
the cold, dry, still air of high latitudes  
will in consumption will more cer-  
tainly get well in Greenland than in  
the West Indies.  
From the details furnished many

sources, a member of the Massachusetts  
Medical Society has prepared a paper,  
conclusive of the fact that all low and  
damp places originate and aggravate  
consumptive diseases, and that restor-  
ation and exemption must be found in  
cool and dry latitudes. And for similar  
reasons sea voyages and sea coast and  
lake shore and prairie localities have a  
pernicious effect upon all persons whose  
lungs are diseased.  
A Postal Clerk's Protest.  
An indignant clerk in the Balti-  
more Postoffice wants the newspapers  
to convey to the public his emphatic  
protest against the latest popular ma-  
nifesto—confined as yet to sentimental  
writers of hillside dross—namely, the  
sticking of postage stamps upon unusu-  
al and out-of-the-way parts of the en-  
velopes. There is, it seems, a "postage"  
stamp of old flattery, and each position  
of a stamp expresses some particu-  
lar sentiment. Now the law allows the  
stamp to be put anywhere on the en-  
velope, it is a matter of importance to  
the cancelling clerk. "As long," says  
the Baltimore official, "as the stamps  
are in the orthodox place—the upper  
right-hand corner—they can work away  
like bees, and get through quickly, be-  
cause the motion from the ink-pad to the  
stamp is a continuous one; but just  
as soon as they begin to hunt around  
over the letter to find where the stamp  
is wanted, they can't get it, and work  
near so fast. Please hint through your  
paper that every letter that comes here  
not stamped with a single stamp in the  
right-hand upper corner we use to make  
paper clickers out of."

## Modern Teaching.

Superintendent Prince, of Waltham,  
Mass., read a judicious paper on mo-  
tives to study at the recent meeting of  
the teachers of Worcester county. He  
considered the matter of the great re-  
sults in the school instruction of to-  
day is the looking to immediate rather  
than future results, and consequently  
there is a lack of the spirit of study  
among the graduates. The mind grows  
naturally. Teachers should lead, not  
force, the child from step to step, and  
promote a love for learning. He thought  
that the best method of the so-called  
teaching is in reality but a disguise for  
the child being prevented from develop-  
ing his natural powers of observation and  
originality from too close use of this  
and that text-book. The practice of  
daily marking, giving prizes and other  
incentives to enable the "standard" of  
the school to be kept up, was not con-  
sidered the best method of training the  
mind. He closed by claiming that the  
high personal character and the harmo-  
nious blending of all the powers of the  
heart and mind of the teachers have a  
great power in promoting a love for  
study. It is pleasant to see that the  
tendency of all clever teachers these  
days is toward the mental, and away  
from text-book training. Assurance of men-  
tal awakening in a child is worth a  
pound of undigested solid information.  
About Love.  
Mr. Factandancy has noticed:  
That the boy who is most afraid of  
the girls is the first to be corraled into  
romanticism.  
That the little boys prefer boys to  
girls.  
That they soon change, never to go  
back to their early love.  
That the little girls love the girls best.  
That they don't get over their prefer-  
ence as soon as the boys do—some of  
them never.  
That women love the men because  
they love everything they have to take  
care of.  
That men love women because they  
can't help it.  
That the wife loves her husband so  
well that she has no thoughts for other  
men.  
That the husband so loves his wife  
that he loves all women for her sake.  
That the married man is apt to think  
himself all-killing among the fair sex  
simply because he has found one woman  
fool enough to marry him.  
That homely husbands are the best.  
That they never forget the compliment paid  
them by their wives for being the ugliest.  
That homely wives are the best.  
That they know how to make the most of  
what they have.  
That the man who marries late in life  
does well.  
That the man who marries young  
does better.  
That the man who never marries is to  
be pitied.  
That the woman who marries does  
well.  
That the woman who does not marry  
does better nine times out of ten.

## Hands of American Women.

The American women have the small-  
est hands in the world. Gloves made  
in France for the American market are  
smaller and narrower than for any  
other in the world, and the fingers are  
made more slender, as any American  
woman will discover who has to buy a  
pair of gloves of any provincial city in  
Europe. Probably no American with a  
manly hand which excites no remark  
has ever traveled long abroad without  
discovering that it is only large shops in  
big cities which keep gloves small  
enough for her, and a lady with a hand  
just below the American average, four,  
living in one of the largest cities in east-  
ern Europe, recently found herself  
forced to send to New York regularly  
for her gloves. It is needless to say  
the hands small, work that enlarges  
them. Perhaps the foregoing is equal-  
ly true to saying that American women  
are the laziest in the world.

## A Remarkable Memory.

In the St. Louis post-office is employed  
a man with a phenomenal memory. He  
was taken on in the mailing division  
about eighteen months ago and given  
the lowest position. He has several  
times been promoted on account of his  
good record, and at his last examination  
gave evidence of his close application  
and phenomenal memory. It is cus-  
tomary for the examiner to name the  
post-offices in a certain amount of ter-  
ritory, and require the examiner to give  
the location. In this case the examiner  
was examined on the post-offices of Mis-  
souri, of which there are seventeen  
hundred. He did not need to be ques-  
tioned, but without prompting named  
every post-office in the State and the  
county in which it is situated, and with-  
out missing or mistaking a post-office  
county, and did this in thirty minutes.

A blemish may be taken out of a dia-  
mond by careful polishing; but if your  
words have the least blemish, there is  
no way to efface it.

Never adopt the opinions of any books  
you may read, nor of any company you  
may keep, without examining whether  
they are just or not.

If we could read the secret history of  
our enemies, we should find in each  
man's life, sorrow and suffering enough  
to disarm all hostility.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

It is a current bard who sings "I am  
alone with my conscience." Two to  
one he never had less fun in all his born  
days.  
The worst thing about a mosquito is  
its long soliloquy as to when and where  
it is going to settle down and bite.  
"Madam," he gallantly observed, "I  
have an image photographed upon my  
heart." "Indeed," she said, "a  
sort of negative impression of me, I  
suppose."  
A college student in rendering to his  
father an account of his term expenses,  
inserted: "To charity, \$30." His fa-  
ther wrote back: "I fear charity cov-  
ers a multitude of sins."  
"Never leave what you undertake un-  
til you can reach your arms around it  
and clinch it with your hands, and the other  
side," says a recently published book  
for young men. Very good advice; but  
what if she screams?  
A young lady admitted to her mother  
that her beau had kissed her on the  
cheek. "And what did you do?" asked  
the old lady, in a tone of indignation.  
"Mother," said the young lady,  
"I cannot tell a lie; I turned the other  
cheek."  
"Do you dance?" "No, I don't dance,  
but you can reach your arms around it  
and clinch it with your hands, and the other  
side," says a recently published book  
for young men. Very good advice; but  
what if she screams?  
Snooks was advised to get his life in-  
sured. "Won't do it," said he, "It  
would just be my luck to live forever if  
I should." "Well, I wouldn't, my  
dear," meekly observed Mrs. Snooks.  
"O, yer don't want to go into busi-  
ness don't yer?" said an angry Cock-  
ney father to his lazy and loutish son.  
"Yer want an appointment in the Post  
Office, do yer? Post Office! Indeed!  
Why, all yer're fit for is to stand out-  
side with your tongue out for people to  
wet their stamp against."  
Strong-minded wife—"Eh, James,  
you are great on languages; what is the  
difference between exported and trans-  
ported?" Submissive husband—"Why,  
my dear, if you should go to Europe,  
you would be exported, and I—well,